

Af Æst er Sorg

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Summary: "Here, you were a foreigner and unwelcome; whispers following you every time you left the hut. But Hiccup, he had smiled. He had waved at you when you first stepped off the boat as a ten-year old- scared and lonely." HxA, Written in Second Person

Af Æst er Sorg

Af Æst er Sorg- From Love, Woe

Fully summary: You loved him long before his own father did. You watched him secretly from behind the colorful potions you created as you studied to become the new Healer. Your heart fluttered a bit every time your eyes met, his little smile making you melt. Your slender hands shook a bit every time you healed his injuries, and you knew- even though he was weak in appearance, he would do something great.

_A/N: Alright, I know I shouldn't be writing thisâ€¦ But come on! It's How to Train Your Dragon! How could I resist? _

Just a note on the format; it's something new I've been trying and I'm wondering how it worked out. I challenged myself and this is the end result- a six-page short story written in second person. It can be read in two different ways-

YOU are the narrator, telling the story

Orâ€¦ It could just be some random Viking girl telling her story in an interesting format.

Well, hope you enjoy it-This is a HiccupxAstrid story, by the way.

* * *

><p>The morning sun shone through the wooden walls, bringing in warmth where cold usually reigned. The sky was a clear blue with a few puffy clouds in sight, and with books stacked hazardously upon each other, you calmly began to stack the volumes as you did any other morning.<p>

They were things you weren't technically supposed to know about- much less read- but the books were full of real knowledge. Books full of mathematical predictions, information on dragons and agriculture, and books of language and medicine.

Then the door flew open, you made a startled noise, dropping one of the books and quickly turning around, attempting to shield the texts from the intruder's eyes.

"Bera, little Hiccup here got burned durin' dragon practice. Ye think ye could you some of that... Oh, hello, is your mistress here?"

You felt yourself almost laugh with relief when you recognized Gobber, but instead you just shook you head. The older man sighed and pushed... Him towards you.

You took deep breath and led Hiccup towards one of the cots, smiling over your shoulder at Gobber.

You were proud when your voice didn't shake. "Thank you, Gobber. I can take it from here," The older Viking smiled back, thumped his stone tooth back in place, and thumped out the door.

Hiccup sat in silence, watching as you grabbed a small clay jar and a rag, sat down where his leg was, and as you opened the ointment. "This might sting a bit," You warned, rubbing the thick burn salve over a nasty burn on his arm; ignoring the fluttering of your heart as your hand touched his arm.

He nodded, wincing only slightly, and remained silent. You smiled softly at him as you finished, wrapping his arm carefully and brushing a piece of hair out of your eyes tiredly, standing back up to get a fresh shirt.

"All done!" You said cheerfully, turning away as he stripped off what was left of his charred shirt, your cheeks a deep crimson at the sight of his bare chest.

"Thanks," He said quietly, testing out his newly bandaged arm. "Really, I'm lucky you had some of your burn salve around. It's the best,"

Your face flushed a deeper red as you busied yourself with helping Hiccup into his shirt hurriedly, taking your spot back on the cot. "Thanks..." You stuttered softly as he sat up, his face so close to yours as you both sat on the small cot.

"No, I really mean it! Do you think you could make me some more- you know, just in case?" He asked earnestly, an easy smile on his face. Your eyes look up from rolling his opposite sleeve to heal some of his other cuts, curiosity and worry building up inside you.

"Of course, but are you planning on doing this again?" His hazel eyes shifted nervously, as though his cover had been blown, glancing down

at where your hands rested on his arm. You bit your lip and quickly removed your hands, looking down at your lap. "Well are you? It's my job to know..."

"I didn't do this on purpose..." He whispered softly, his voice raw with regret.

You looked up, your eyes hard as you looked into his. "I never said that, but just... Try not to kill yourself okay? Some of us care about what happens to you." There was another silence before you stood up.

"Wait!" You felt his hand grab yours earnestly. "Can I trust you?"

You stare at him for a moment, your eyes searching his face. He looks desperate, scared, and eager. His red-brown hair flying up into the air and eyes exposed.

"Can I trust you?" Hiccup repeated, more urgently. So you did the only thing you could; you nodded mutely. His face broke into a grin.

"I am training a-" The heavy wooden door flew open, heavy boots clanging on the floor, making him cut off quickly and release your hand while you jumped ten feet.

"Hiccup? Hiccup? Where are ye? Has that burn gotten wrapped up?" You hurriedly averted your eyes and busied yourself with straightening the already perfect sheets, not even daring to look up for fear of looking like a tomato.

When your breathing slowed and your hand stopped burning from the contact, you opened the window, glancing out into the night nervously. Luckily, your mistress was out to a smaller Viking Village down the coast and no one was looking for you.

Over the course of roughly an hour, you straightened the shelves- yet again, created a pile of dirty laundry, slipped on a jacket and pulled on a warm hat in preparation to check on a few healing Vikings, all while your heart pounded. And every time you closed your eyes- you saw him.

You saw his beautiful eyes, his smile, and best of all- you heard his laugh. You had so desperately wanted to join him, and the majority of your old village, and become a Dragon Fighter. But after your mother had died, your father brought you to Berk and forced you to train as a Healer. Here, you were a foreigner and unwelcome; whispers following you every time you left the hut.

But Hiccup, he had smiled. He had waved at you when you first stepped off the boat as a ten-year old- scared and lonely. Hiccup was kind, and beautiful, andâ€¦ Hiccup. And you loved him with everything you had.

As you left, the door made loud noise when you shut it, you winced at the sound but continued down the path, the cold biting at your cheeks. After nearly six years you still weren't used to the cold, and you secretly longed for the warm climates of your old home.

You knocked on the door of a family, the father opening the door with a smile. You quickly returned the gesture, walking into the home to quickly check on his wife, who was large with their first child. After making sure everything was all right, you silently ducked out, sneaking a quick glance when the man gently kissed his sleeping wife's forehead.

A pang echoed through your body, a burning desire for that exact tenderness. You averted your eyes and hurried towards the Mess Hall to grab a bite to eat, no wanting to intrude on their private moment and secretly hoping you would run into Hiccup as you walked.

As the night passed, and as the temperature dropped lower, you made your way back to the hut- suddenly longing for the familiar warmth and scents that the driftwood-filled home brought.

Your breath came out in short, labored puffs as you climbed the hill towards the Healer's lodging; curse words at the tip of your tongue as well as the tasteless stew you had just ate. As you opened the door, a crash sounded from within. What little breath you had left caught in your throat. An intruder? Or worse... A dragon?

"Hello?" Your voice sounded tinny and small as it echoed through the wooden structure. You were greeted with another crash. "Who is there?"

A head poked out from behind a door, and you felt your chest loosen.

"Hiccup! What in Thor's name are you doing here?" The said boy grinned, and your heart fluttered painfully.

"Sorry to scare you, I just need some leather." You frowned, setting down your jacket and hat.

"Why would you come here? Doesn't your father have any?"

The sixteen-year-old boy looked away sheepishly, scratching his red-brown hair. "I uh- well you see I... It's actually kind of funny when you think about it-" He stuttered, tripping over the small desk in front of him.

You watched him mutter and knock things off the desk, a small smile of amusement forming on your lips. But when you saw the small vile begin to fall, you began to yell.

"Cover your mouth!" He looked at you for a moment, but quickly slapped his hands over his mouth as the glass shattered. A pungent smell enveloping the hut as you ran towards the window. You struggled for a moment, but soon Hiccup was helping you with the airtight opening.

As all the gas left the room, a shaky laugh escaped both of your lips. You began to explain once you had both caught your breaths. "The gaseous form of the sap from the Noniden tree, it smells horrid and it may be harmful to dragons. My mistress is experimenting with it along with-" You stopped when you saw Hiccup's face.

"Harmful for dragons?"

You nodded slowly, looking at him carefully as you began to remove strips of leather from the ceiling, standing precariously on a stool. "Hopefully, it has not been confirmed yet... What's wrong Hiccup? You're training to be a Dragon Killer, correct?"

You turned around, but was greeted with slit green eyes, smoke encasing your small body- and fear made your body turn to ice despite the burning heat. "Hi-hi-hicc-HICCUP!" You screamed, falling to the floor. "Hiccup, do something!"

The dragon was a sleek black with huge, bright green eyes. Your heart pounded in your chest, tears welled in your eyes, as you regretted not becoming a Dragon Killer. "Hi-Hiccup...?" Oh Thor... The dragon had eaten him already, hadn't it? A new sort of pain stabbed your heart. You would never see his stupid little smile, or be able to ruffle his hair like you'd always wanted to.

"Toothless, no! She... Is... A... FRIEND!" Hiccup's voice stopped the monster's growl, and his face appeared above her, his thin arms tugging on the monster's ears.

"Well, this is what I wanted to tell you." He smiled and helped you up, awkwardly patting the dragon as you gave him a scrutinizing look. "I'm training a dragon."

You gave him a look that made him stutter an explanation, and as the story continued your heart softened. Your eyes kept drifting back the Night Fury, who had curled into a little ball, playing with what had once been a chair.

When he finished, you stood up and kissed him on the cheek. "What can I do to help?"

Over the next few weeks, whenever you saw him, you shared a smile, and you fell even more in love with him. And for the first time in your life on the Island of Berk- you saw hope that maybe he returned the feeling.

But then the Dragon War came, and you heard the news that your mistress died during the fight, you were forced to take her role in the Village- which also meant you could not go and help Hiccup fight. But instead had to stay behind and heal the already wounded. Your nerves on end as you watched as the six Warriors-in-Training flew off through your window.

But when Hiccup was carried in, bleeding and- Thor forbid- dying, nothing else mattered. Tears blurred your vision as you cut his pant leg, holding back your horror when you saw the charred remains of Hiccup's leg. Your hands shook nervously during the entire procedure, you bit your lip so hard it began to bleed, and sweat trickled down the side of your face, sticking your hair to the back of your neck.

When it was all over, you ordered everyone out, and you collapsed into sobs at the foot of his bed, and you prayed with all your might- to whatever was out there- that Hiccup would survive.

You prayed with everything you had, offered anything, and when he woke up, you began to cry from relief.

"Where am I? Where is Toothless?"

"You're in my hut, and your dragon had to go and eat." you answered, kneeling beside his bed and supporting his head as he drank from the glass you had pressed to his lips. "You two survived the Battle- but barely." A small smile graced your lips. "You're lucky you still have your lives."

"Thanks- I owe you," He said weakly, a smile forming before he collapsed into a fit of coughing.

"Shh, get some rest. I'll get you some real food in the morning." And his hazel eyes closed.

Over the next month, you took care of him, eventually transferring his care to his father. Your love swelled even more as you watched him work through the challenges that obviously hindered him.

On an unseasonably warm night, as you finished the final wrapping of Hiccup's wounds, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in, Astrid!" Confusion hit you. Astrid? What was she doing here?

The blonde former-dragon slayer swished her way over to the cot. "Come on, Hiccup. You promised..." She trailed off when she saw you.

You nodded politely, stood up, and brushed off your own modest skirt and apron. "Hello,"

She did not respond but instead looked impatiently at Hiccup.

"Are we done?" Hiccup asked, looking up at you. You nodded slowly, handing him some water.

"Just be care-" You stopped when you saw his eyes. The hazel orbs were shining excitedly, but they were soft at the same time. And one emotion was prevalent throughout them. Love. Pure, unaltered love for the girl beside you. Not you yourself. You gave him a small smile and nodded, refusing to let him know your heart was breaking.

He jumped up and quickly let his hut with Astrid, you slowly gathered your things and followed in his path. His dragon, a Night Fury by the name of Toothless, gave you a look before he took off- Hiccup and her on his back.

And as they disappeared into the darkening night sky, the stars and moon shining brightly and the world around you an inky black, you knew that all hope was lost; he was gone and you never had a chance.

* * *

><p>AN: Well, it's me again__. Hope you enjoyed it. Just a note, I am willing to expand this story (but not in this POV- much to difficult to write.) But if you like the girl enough I can add on._

_Thanks for reading and reviews are always appreciated (whether it be

advice, friendly criticism, or just your thoughts on it;
thanks)!_

~Ella

End
file.